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BYRAN clings tenaciously to the honor of being the chief factor in Roosevelt's election, as he was in McKinley's.

As the price of meats goes up the potato becomes of more swelling importance in the hash.

EVEN so conservative a talker as "Jim" Hill says that he saw 35 bushels of wheat to the acre in North Dakota and 60 bushels in Washington. There must be something in this prosperity talk.

THE Rev. M. Baxter, of London, is creating a sensation by confident predictions that Christ will come again in 1929. Most of the veterans will have gone on to meet Him by that time.

THE increase of fools seems to be in pretty fair ratio with that of the population. The green-goods men of Newark, N. J., are reported to have made \$500,000 in the last four years.

A BROOKLYN woman committed suicide because her husband wouldn't take her fishing with him. Queer woman, to want to go five miles from the nearest bargain counter and sit in her old clothes all day on a damp rock without another woman's hat in sight to copy or criticize.

In last week's National Tribune the name of Capt. Joseph E. Hart was given as that of the Chairman of the Fifteenth Corps. It should have been Capt. James E. Hart. The matter is important, as there is a Jos. E. Hart in the city, and the mails get mixed.

JACKSON County, Mo., is opening the way to a most excellent reform by turning a large portion of the revenues from liquor licenses to the improvement of roads. Some 230 miles of fine roads centering in Kansas City, and costing about \$1,250,000, have been built. Two-thirds of the saloon licenses are devoted to this work and to bridge construction under the direction of the County Court. It is expected that this will result in having in every direction some of the best roads in the country.

THEY can find almost anything they want to do in Kansas, and therefore it is not surprising that they have discovered the bones of a man who lived some 20,000 or 60,000 years ago. A few thousand years more or less does not seem to make any particular difference, and the Kansasers are willing to let him belong to any geologic period the advocates of which will give him the most advertising. As he was buried 23 feet below the surface of the earth, his neighbors must have found awful tired of his discussion of the financial question and his method for "bustin' the trusts."

THERE has been so much "fake business" about liquid air, and so many sharpers have gotten money out of credulous people with totally unfounded representations of what it could be made to do, that it comes as a boon to the public that a real demonstration of its capability has been made by competent persons. A thorough test at Cornell University results in the conclusive statement that the expenditure of one-horse power continuously for one hour will produce an energy that, if utilized in a "perfect machine," will reproduce one-horse power for one minute. That is, one-sixth of the power expended can be again realized if a "perfect machine" is used. Of course, it will be difficult, if not impossible, to get a "perfect machine." This wide disparity between expenditure and result secured puts liquid air wholly out of the question for any except a very limited number of mechanical uses.

THERE are few things better for health than a good brisk walk, and now a Canada boy has demonstrated that it is a complete cure for consumption, if taken in allopathic doses. Aug. 8, 1901, a San Francisco doctor told Alfred Y. Allen that his lungs were gone and his end very near. He contemplated suicide and several other things, but finally took the strange resolution to start to walk back to Toronto, his home. He had \$1.99 in his pocket, and weighed 82 pounds. The first day he could only walk one and a half miles, but he kept at it, and before he got through the Rocky Mountains he was able to do 35 miles a day. He met kind treatment all along the road, and stopped at times where he could almost get out of the way. By the time he had reached Toronto, two years later, he had worn out 35 pairs of boots, and more old clothes than he could remember, but he weighed 135 pounds, and the physicians who examined him declared that they could find no trace of consumption.

THE Boston Pilot traverses Archbishop Ireland's statement: "Let justice be done America; in no other country is there a Government so fair-minded, so impartial, so willing to treat all classes of citizens with absolute justice as that with which we are blessed in America." This is absolutely true. Yet the Pilot complains "that Catholic Cabinet officers of high rank, Governors, Chief Justices, military and civil dignitaries of all kinds are uncommon and almost outside of the realm of the Church." During the rebellion the Army of the Cumberland—the second largest army in the United States—was commanded by a very ardent Roman Catholic. What more does the Pilot want?

**"A MILLION PENSIONERS."**

The editor of the Waterbury (Conn.) Republican has written an editorial under this caption, of which he is so inordinately proud that he has typewritten under it, "Exchanges please copy." We shall do so. It is as follows:

"Congress has been running a race with death and Congress has won. The civil war pensioners are now dying at a rapid rate, and yet the pension list is increasing. Thirty-seven years after the close of the war there were more pensioners than ever before. The number lacks only 674 of being a round million. This was an increase of 7,927 since 1899. The experts say that it is the high-water mark, and that from now on the increasing death rate will decrease the pension list. This has been predicted each year for the past 20 years, but each time Congress has rallied to the rescue of the list and added more names than death could take off.

"At the last session 1,000 bills were enacted granting pensions in cases to which our most liberal pension laws could not be stretched, and general laws were passed which will add 10,000 new names to the long roll. The experts estimate with confidence a constant decrease in the number of pensioners from this time. They say that at least 40,000 pensioners will die during the next year. The increasing death roll of the veterans is pathetic, but the death of a pensioner does not always stop the pension. We believe there are some two Revolutionary war pensions still paid, or were within the last four or five years, although the youngest possible soldier of that war, if he were living now, would be something like 135 years old. The last of them died many years ago, but the widow kept on receiving the pension roll. It was long a regular business enterprise for unscrupulous young women to hang around soldiers' homes and induce aged and feeble-minded pensioners to marry them, so that they could draw widows' pensions, perhaps for the next 50 years.

The taxpayers of this country are now paying nearly half a million dollars every day in the year, exclusive of Sundays, to those who fought for the Union, to tens of thousands who did not fight and never smelled powder, to thousands who desert and fed to places of safety, and to thousands of widows of all these classes. Nothing has happened to cause any reasonable expectation of any decrease in this burden. In the exigency of politics and in the hunt for votes, Congress can be trusted to keep the ranks full."

So there is the editorial which he is trying to palm off as the product of his brain and which he proudly wishes "exchanges please copy."

Bless his unsophisticated, nickel-plated Waterbury soul, the Copperhead exchanges have been copying that very editorial—or rather stealing it from one another—for the past 37 years. It is one of the stock articles of that class of papers. It has been passed from one to another, from the Atlantic to the Pacific and back again, not telling how many times.

Every time one of those editors has seen a veteran get an office he wanted;

Or a veteran's chickens have scratched up his fresh-made garden;

Or a veteran has thrown up to him that he was too cowardly or selfish to go into the army;

Or a veteran's son has thumped his son, he has hunted up that editorial, and spitefully published it. He may have changed it a little. He may have aggravated its misstatements with some of his own invention; he may have made it still more ungrammatical, but it is essentially the same old hokum, with the same old sentences and wording, the same old false premises and perverted conclusions.

Our Waterbury friend may rest assured that certain of his "exchanges" will copy the editorial is even now on the hook in a number of country offices, ready to be fired off as their own, the moment the veterans of the neighborhood do something that they do not like.

**THE NAVAL MANEUVERS.**

The first move in the great game of "Kriegspiel," which has absorbed the attention of the Army and Navy and the National Guard of the Eastern States for several weeks, has ended in the capture of the "enemy's" fleet.

The theory of the game is that the Emperor of Kriegspiel had long viewed with jealous disfavor the rising importance of the United States, and had industriously prepared a navy to curb our pretensions, when opportunity should arise. This came in connection with the Danish Islands. The Emperor thwarted our negotiations to obtain them and appropriated them himself. In response to indignation public sentiment, the President of the United States made a demand on the Emperor to immediately withdraw from the islands and cease to exercise his sovereignty over them. The response of the Emperor was to dispatch a powerful fleet to threaten the coast between Cape Elizabeth and Cape Cod, and effect a lodgement somewhere, as a base for further offensive operations.

The "hostile" fleet—called the "White Squadron"—consisted of the "Prairie," "Panther" and "Supply," under Commander Pillsbury. The conditions of the game were that it should elude the "Blue Squadron"—the "Kearsarge," "Massachusetts" and "Alabama," commanded by Admiral Higginson, gain one of six harbors between Boston and Portland, and remain there six hours before being detected and come up with the defending "Blue Squadron." Practically it narrowed down to 100 miles of coast which the "White Squadron" must approach and the "Blue" defend.

There were many anxious days, and particularly nights, for the officers and men of the Blue Squadron, the heavy fog prevailing on the coast adding to their solitude. Commander Pillsbury simply sailed away out of sight, and kept so for three days and 16 hours, while his opponents were wearing themselves out looking for him. He decided that he would attempt to enter the harbor of Salem, Mass., and reasoned correctly that Admiral Higginson would hold his fleet off Rockport, Mass., the central position in his line. He at first contemplated a ruse to draw the Blue Squadron off to the northward by a feint on Portland, but finally sailed south and west toward Boston, where he hoped for the concealment of the prevailing fog. He finally turned and made a dead run for Salem, but just at dawn last Sunday morning a sharp-eyed apprentice boy on the Kearsarge caught sight of the "Prairie" just off the ledge Norman's Woe, and about 15 miles distant. The battleships immediately put on all steam and rushed for the Whites, demanding an unconditional surrender, which was yielded.

There will naturally be a great deal of highly professional discussion of the technical points developed, but the lay reader is somewhat surprised that the defending fleet got knowledge of the approach of the attacking squadron until it was within a few miles of its objective. The next move will be an attack on the coast, in which the army will participate.

**FOR SENATOR FROM MICHIGAN.**

The veterans of Michigan are united and enthusiastic to send Gen. R. A. Alger to the Senate as successor to the late Senator McMillan.



The comrades everywhere will keenly sympathize with this desire of the Michigan comrades and earnestly hope for its realization. There is no better type of the volunteer soldier alive than Gen. Alger, and he has the abilities to finely equip him for a seat in the Senate. His military record is of the very best. He raised a cavalry company at the outbreak of the war, became Captain of a splendid troop of cavalry, and everywhere, and all the time, showed the highest courage, dash and zeal, so that in the course of years of hard fighting and constant service, he rose to the rank of Colonel and brevet Major-General.

He has made a splendid record in civil life. He has been among the foremost in building up the great State of Michigan, and no man stands higher in the esteem of the people of the State. He has been Governor of the State, and his administration was very successful. He was Secretary of War under McKinley, until forced out by the senseless and baseless clamors of the yellows, to which McKinley unwisely yielded.

He is a man who ought to be in the Senate, for the Senate's sake, for the sake of Michigan, and for the sake of the whole people.

**FREE QUARTERS.**

There has been so much confusion of mind in regard to the furnishing of free quarters at the coming National Encampment that it will be well to republish Paragraph IV. of General Orders No. 4, from Headquarters, Grand Army of the Republic, April 14, as follows:

"IV. Congress having prohibited the use of the school buildings of the District of Columbia for any purpose except for school purposes, free quarters for a limited number only can be provided; and only to those who are members in good standing of the Grand Army of the Republic, and so certified by Post Commanders to the Assistant Adjutants-General of the several Departments. All applications for free quarters must be on file with said Assistant Adjutants-General and forwarded to National Headquarters on or before Sept. 1, 1902.

"The local committee at Washington is entirely relieved from the duty of furnishing free quarters.

Comrades are informed that the citizens of Washington will provide them and their friends with comfortable lodgings at from 50 cents to \$1 per day for each person."

**POST OFFICE AT CAMP ROOSEVELT.**

Postmaster Merritt, of Washington, has decided to establish a branch postoffice at Camp Roosevelt during the National Encampment for the accommodation of veterans who will gather at the Reunions to be held there.

The office will be located near the entrance to the grounds from Pennsylvania avenue, where it will be handy to everybody. Letters will be delivered and received, stamps and stamped envelopes will be sold, and other facilities afforded the veterans.

Veterans can have their mail addressed to them at "Camp Roosevelt, Washington, D. C." It will be better to their Corps designation, so that it can be sent directly to their Corps headquarters and delivered to them there.

**WRITE TO YOUR CHAIRMAN.**

No veteran who thinks of coming to the National Encampment should fail to at once write to the Chairman here of the Corps in which he served.

A list of these was published in last week's paper.

This will accomplish several good things.

It will benefit the writer by notifying many unexpected friends that he is coming, and they will have a chance to meet him.

It will benefit him by bringing to him chums and buddies he may not have seen since the war.

It will help the Chairman and committee of his Corps in bringing everybody together.

Do not put off writing a day.

It will be a very great thing to get together again as many of the old Corps as possible in Camp Roosevelt.

GEN. W. W. DUDLEY, ex-Commissioner of Pensions, is Chairman of the First Corps for the Reunions at Camp Roosevelt, and Maj. E. P. Halstead, Vice-Chairman. Both were gallant soldiers in that immortal organization, which did such magnificent fighting at the Second Bull Run, Antietam, Gettysburg and elsewhere. Gen. Dudley went out in the 19th Ind., of the Iron Brigade, succeeded to the command of his regiment at Antietam, and lost a leg at Gettysburg. Maj. Halstead belonged to the 1st Del., and was on Gen. Doubleday's staff. The casualties of the first day at Gettysburg made him the ranking staff officer when the Corps fell back to Cemetery Ridge. Gen. Dudley's address is Pacific Building, Washington, D. C., and Maj. Halstead's, the Pension Bureau. If your regiment was one of these comrades that are coming to the Encampment and to arrange for a Reunion of your regiment.

EVERY regiment in the United States Army during the rebellion should make an effort to hold a Reunion at Camp Roosevelt during the National Encampment. It will be a great meeting, and a memory for the rest of the lives of all who come together there.

**Si Klegg, "Shorty" and the Boys of Co. Q. On the March through the Carolinas**

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The Exceedingly Difficult Crossing of the Catawba River—Narrow Escape of Gen. Sherman.

Really, if Shad Graham had not seen that the most important part of the work was done, and the remainder could be safely left to the energetic supervision of Si and Shorty, he could not have been persuaded to lie down and take a sorely-needed rest.

The patient, untiring boys of the pontoon and pioneer detachments were carrying rails from the forces a mile or two away, and laying them close together on top of the second corduroy, which had sunk below the level of the mud. Si, Shorty and the rest did not restrain their adives to giving orders, but went actually to work to help wherever they could. They went to meet and relieve boys who were staggering and ready to fall under loads they could not carry. They were large, and if there was any particularly hard and muddy task they assumed their full share, if not all of it. Two or three hours more of this work sufficed to carry the road over to fairly solid ground, and Si waked Shad to tell him that the work was done.

"Good," answered Shad, rousing himself. "Tell Sergt. Nasmith to bring the pontoon across and march out the road as far as the advance pickets. Let him halt there and bivouac. He must not go into park, but remain in line in the road, so as to be ready to move early tomorrow morning. Send word back to Col. McGillicuddy, who's in command of the brigade, that he can come on across. I believe I can allow myself to take a little sleep."

The pontoon train passed on, followed by the brigade, Col. McGillicuddy in temporary command. It was still raining when the morning came. Despite the fatigue of the day before, everybody was up betimes, in earnest preparation for what the day might bring. It promised to be a momentous one, for the Catawba River must be crossed, possibly in the face of determined opposition by the enemy.

The whole army was astir, for behind the brigade came the General commanding the division, with his staff, and he was soon followed by Gen. Jeff. Davis, commanding the corps, and his staff.

Shad Graham ate his breakfast hastily, mounted and rode off through the mud and rain to find his train and was soon in a new kind of trouble.

The place selected to cross the Catawba River had been left unguarded by Beauregard because he thought it was impossible for any army to move there, and it would have been impossible for any army but Sherman's indomitable young Americans.

There the river cuts through the backbone of high, rugged hills in a deep, narrow gorge. The road leading over the steep ascents was but a trail, over which, it would be thought, few wagons had passed in centuries, for it must have been difficult in the days of our fathers to haul much more than an empty wagon up the precipitous rises.

Shad found his train halted at the foot of a hill which rose in benches of rock. He saw the first of the army's usual patient and resourceful Wagonmaster swearing that he "didn't believe that any dumb mule that was ever foaled could climb a ladder. That wasn't no mule's business, no matter what Billy Sherman said."

"Don't be discouraged, Burlong," said Shad cheerfully. "We'll find some way to get over the hill."

"Heaven's sakes, find mules with wings if you do," grumbled the Wagonmaster. "They say a man can accomplish anything by faith and prayer, but I'm dumber if I believe the Prophet Elijah could walk the Jordan river on a dried-up log."

"We'll begin with some work, and may try prayer if that fails," remarked Shad. "Go back and present my compliments to Col. McGillicuddy, and ask him to make this road passable. Tell Sergt. Nasmith, as you go by, to get out all the picks and shovels, and distribute them to the men as they pass."

He was not even when it is done under the pleasantest conditions, regard quarrying stone, grubbing out trees and leveling banks to fill holes as an inviting form of exercise. When it comes to kicking a man's head into a hole, or the midst of a beating rain, it is a grievous trial to the spirit. It lacked the dash and vim of wading breast deep through mud and water to capture a battery or a regiment of rebels, and it was, therefore, set to work earnestly and effectively, and the face of the hill changed rapidly under their sturdy blows.

Behind the whole army came flooding, upon the river side, the great, impetuous, self-sufficient Aids, who acted as if all wisdom sat upon their brows, and the ordering of mighty hosts theirs, galloped up and down, "bentened" with blue eyes and a complacent air, "What's the matter? They even essayed to yell orders at the men until stopped by Shad Graham's quiet reminder to them that he was in command and would tolerate no interference with his orders.

"If you do not like the way things are being done, report it to the Corps Commander, under whose orders I am."

Glum-faced and crestfallen, the Aids rode up to see for themselves the Hill of Difficulty, and do some swearing on their own account at the villainous South Carolina highways. Regiments and brigades were ordered to march up the hill, and the hillside and wherever they could find ground into which they did not sink.

Finally came Gen. O. O. Howard, the Commander of the Left Wing, with his blue eyes and his merry, kindly eyes looking the impatience he restrained himself from expressing.

A quick, comprehensive glance showed him all the difficulties; likewise that everything was being done as well as could be expected under the circumstances, and all the men at work that could be employed in the limited space. He wisely confined himself to speaking words of cheer and encouragement to the toilers.

Then came the General in Chief, and announced the approach of the General-in-Chief himself. Everybody in the rear craned up and remarked:

"Now, Old Billy on hand, and you bet things'll be all right."

Gen. Sherman presently appeared, riding straight forward, letting those who were in his way get out of it as best they could. He was in his element, and his batman was turned down to shed the rain. The large, powerful horse he bestowed spattered everyone near with mud from his swiftly-moving hoofs. Gen. Sherman's eyes were fixed on the hill, and his rugged face was corrugated with portentous frowns. He acknowledged the cheers with a careless, fretful gesture, without turning his head to so much as glance at the men who were cheering. He said nothing but the stoppage ahead.

"The whole business is damned up, and Uncle Billy will be damning up hill and down dale," remarked Shorty, looking around to see if he was out of earshot of Otterbein Kramer. "But he can swear till he knocks the filling out of his teeth and he can't get a wagon over that hill until it's been tumbled down some."

Work the pontoons forward, somehow. Work them forward somehow," repeated the General petulantly. "Get more men. Put a whole brigade at them. We must be across the river this afternoon if we're ever to get across."

"I have a brigade up there, hid in the woods, ready to cover the pontoons as soon as they come forward. It has instructions not to show itself until they're done."

"General, I have been carefully studying the ground ever since I came up," responded Gen. Howard quietly. "And I am quite sure that every man is there that can be worked to advantage, and everything is being done that can be. More men up there would only be in each other's way. We have one of the very best"

pontoons forward, and a brigade to cover them. We haven't a minute to lose, or Beauregard will have the other side lined with infantry and artillery."

"I believe you have, Shad," answered Si. "And we're ready to help you to the death."

"Count us in till our toes nail down off," added Shorty. "What can we do?"

"I knew you would be, before I asked. The first thing to be done is to get a man and a line to the other bank. That's the biggest job of all. I want you two to undertake it."

"Willingly," answered Si. "But how are we to get over? Fly?"

"Got 100 ft. stiffs for us to wade over? Or shall we get down on our hands and knees and crawl over on the bottom? Give the order, and we're your huckleberries," said Shorty.

"I can manage to launch two boats and"



"THE BOAT AND PARTNERS DISAPPEARED UNDER THE MUDDY SURFACE."

pioneers in the whole army in charge. He is doing great work, as he always does, and it will help matters not to interfere with him."

"But the pontoons must go forward. The pontoons must go forward at once, no matter what it costs. Better kill a few men now than a great many forcing a crossing. Get the pontoons forward, and then fix the road for the other wagon."

At that moment Shad Graham approached the Commander of the division and reported:

"General, I think that we can now get the pontoons over the hill if you will send a regiment to help us."

"That will I right gladly. Thank God for the news! Col. Smallwood, won't you take your regiment and help those pontoons over?"

"Won't? We've been aching for hours for the chance. Attention—battalion. Rally on the pontoon train and walk it up the hill. With a will, now!"

There was no more to be said. The men were only too glad to do something that looked like helping an advance. They rushed at the train with a yell, and there was a half-hour's wild struggle with the refractory wheels, the steep grade and clinging mud, when the crest was gained, and the men, each a mass of moist clay, showed what little breath they had left to answer the cheers of their comrades below.

"The pontoons seem to be going up all right, General," remarked Gen. Howard, with complacency. "I knew that my men would get them as soon as it was possible for any men."

"High time, high time," answered Gen. Sherman, crossly. "See where the sun is. And the river's to cross yet. Come on. Come on."

He spurred forward impatiently after the train.

The advance brigade heard the cheers of success, and answered them with its own as it rushed up from its concealment and lined up along the bank to open fire on any rebels that might be on the other side to oppose the pontoon laying."

Only a few startled pickets happened to be there, who at first took to their heels at the apparition of such a host of enemies, but presently came striding back, and opened a desultory popping fire behind the trees.

"If the cork knows herself, and she thinks she do, that river's going to be a blamed sight tougher job than the hill," remarked Shorty, as he and Si rode down the bank, and across the river, and over gets his pontoons stretched across that old double-gauge tail-race he'll have to shoot 'em out of a gun, and then anchor 'em to the underpinning of eternity to hold 'em. Why, the water's running worse'n the Mississippi River through a crevasse in the levee."

"I don't wonder that Beauregard didn't expect us to cross here," murmured Si, as he rode here and there and took a look at the place."

The gorge through which the Catawba River ran was 250 yards wide at that point, and all the deluge of water which had fallen on the mountains above was tearing through the canyon in a boiling, turbid rush.

Looks as if the boats'd be battered to pieces against the rocks on the bank the minute they're launched," commented Abe. Gen. Sherman, Howard and Jeff C. Davis rode down to the bank, gazed at the turbulent flood, and attached Shad to a moment's head and arms, and the most hopeful place for launching, and sent his men to work cutting down the bank to make an approach.

"You think you've got the best pontoon man in the army, Howard," remarked Gen. Sherman, tentatively.

"Yes, General, I think he's pretty near the best," answered Gen. Howard.

"There's no doubt that he's the best," added Gen. Jeff Davis, in his sour, peevish way. "I've compared his work too often to have the least uncertainty about it."

width did not at first appear a very difficult matter. But they soon realized that a sea of water rolling off the roof of a State and muddily rushing to the ocean through a funnel-like gulch was a very different proposition from the same sea spread out over miles of lowlands. The force of the current was such as to tear boulders from the banks and roll them along the bed.

Shad came up to Si and Shorty, as they were maneuvering around to get a shot at the rebel skirmishers behind the trees, and said with an anxious voice:

"Don't pay any attention to those fellows over there. There are plenty looking out for them. I want you to help me. I need you. I see here the hardest job I have ever been confronted with."

"I believe you have, Shad," answered Si. "And we're ready to help you to the death."

"Count us in till our toes nail down off," added Shorty. "What can we do?"

"I knew you would be, before I asked. The first thing to be done is to get a man and a line to the other bank. That's the biggest job of all. I want you two to undertake it."

"Willingly," answered Si. "But how are we to get over? Fly?"

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"I can manage to launch two boats and"

"Nothing of the kind," answered Gen. Sherman imperatively. "You stay back here and unravel this tangle the army has gotten into, and see that they pass over promptly and in order. I must go across and take a look at the country ahead."

"General," remonstrated Shad Graham, "I'm afraid those anchors are dragging. Wait a little until we see if we can't strengthen the line."

"Strengthen it after I get across," replied the General, leading his horse down. "I'm in a hurry to get over."

The bridge had gotten so much worse during the discussion that everybody watched anxiously the General's progress. The timbers creaked, the line sagged, the General slipped in the mud and seemed on his hands and knees, and the river, his horse skated along the planks, almost to the water's edge, and every other direful accident seemed impending.

The center gave a loud crack as he passed, and the General went down with the fragments of the ruptured pontoon. A few minutes later, and the General and his horse were gone down with the fragments of the ruptured pontoon.

A thrill of terror in the watchers on the banks was followed by tumultuous shouts of joy as they saw the General and his staff safely across, and the mad of the steep bank on the other side.

(To be continued.)

**THE LATE JUSTICE LONG.**

It will gratify many thousands of the veterans who served in the Department of the South to learn that the gallant old Colonel of the 85th N. Y.—Col. J. S. Belknap—is still alive and well, despite his burden of 80 years. His handwriting is as firm and distinct as in his prime, and his ideas as clear and decided, as the following letter will show:

Editor National Tribune: After reading the account of the suffering of that noble patriot, Chas. D. Long, a Justice of the Supreme Court of Michigan, resulting from doing his full share in keeping the stately emblem of Freedom floating over an undivided country, and the treatment he afterwards received from the Pension Commissioners, after he had given so much of his patriotic blood and one arm fighting for our country. I send you my letter to me of July 22, 1894, to publish, to show that he was true to his comrades.

"I'll tell you more that made me feel for those who were the blue to have the pension laws executed as intended by a generous Government, and not the whims of the Pension Commissioner, who would not give the old soldier as good treatment as the law does common criminals, for the law gives the criminal the benefit of the doubt."

The Commissioner of Pensions should be a broad-minded, honorable man, and understand the intentions of Congress in passing pension laws, and execute them accordingly. That is all the old soldiers will ask of the Commissioner, and I think we have just such a man in our present Commissioner.

J. S. BELKNAP.  
Late Colonel 85th N. Y., Weston's Mills, N. Y.

The letter from Justice Long is as follows:

Supreme Court of Michigan, Lansing, Jan. 22, 1894.  
Col. J. S. Belknap.

Dear Sir and Comrade: Your very kind letter of the 16th inst. at hand.

In answer to your letter, I assure you that such words coming from my old comrades are sufficient recompense for all the trouble I have been put to.

Believe me, my dear comrade, I should not have commenced this proceeding on my own account alone, but with thousands being suspended, it became necessary that someone in their interest make a test case. I have no doubt that the Pension Commissioner, if in this case our old comrades are benefited I am truly thankful.

Thanking you again for your words of kindness, I am, very truly yours,  
CHAS. D. LONG.

**PERSONAL.**

The comrades generally are hoping for the restoration of Capt. H. T. Johns, who was discharged from the Pension Bureau by Evans for telling the truth in a newspaper article. Capt. Johns, who was a member of the 49th Mass., a very good soldier, and a man of considerable ability, is now prevented from receiving a pension on account of his age. He is 74 years